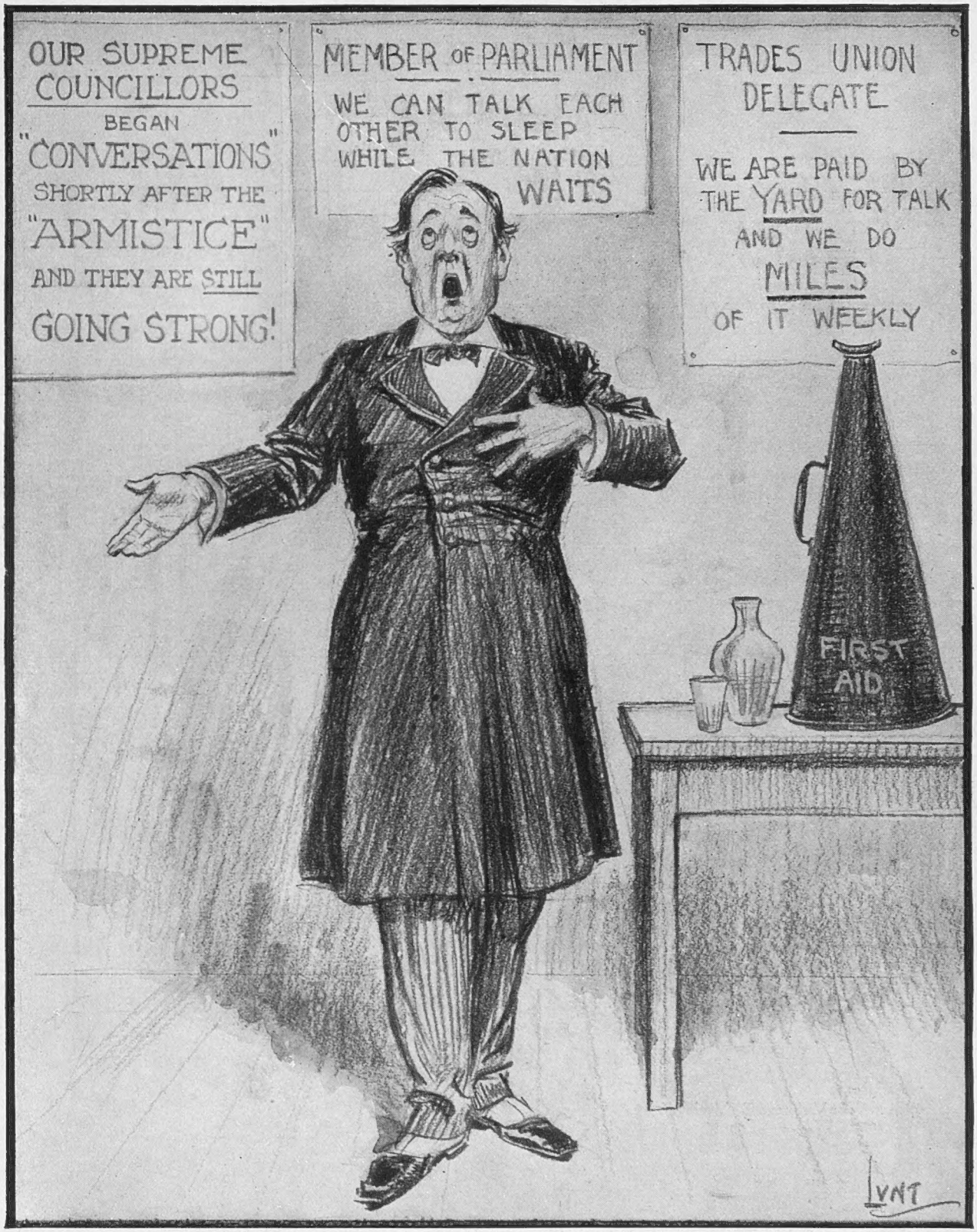
The Bystander, June 15, 1921. No. 915. Vol. LXX.

The BYSTANDER



BY WILMOT LUNT

THE "CONVERSATIONS" CHAMPIONSHIP

We may lose at Cricket, Croquet, Lawn Tennis, Golf, Polo, and Ping-Pong—but we shall *never* be beaten in a *Talking Tournament*

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). 2.30 and 7.45.
GEORGE ROBEY, WEE GEORGIE WOOD, THE DANISH DANCERS, STANLEY LOGAN, JOSEPH CHEETHAM, GREEN & FOSTER in "THE POOR RICH," FREDERICK SYLVESTER & CO., Etc.

COMEDY. (Ger. 3724). NORMAN McKINNEL
in "A FAMILY MAN"
A Comedy by John Galsworthy
NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATS. TUESDAY & FRIDAY at 2.30.

COURT. (Ger. 848). Director, J. B. FAGAN.
Every Evening at 7.50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2.
OTHELLO
LAST WEEKS.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201) "SYBIL"
JOSÉ COLLINS and Full Cast.
Every Evening, at 8.
Matinées, Tuesday and Thursday, at 2.15.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). ALBERT DE COURVILLE'S
Gaiety Version of
PINS & NEEDLES
Nightly at 8. Matinées, Wed. & Sat. at 2.15.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
VIOLET VANBRUGH
in "THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS."

STRAND. (Ger. 3830). ARTHUR BOURCHIER
in "A SAFETY MATCH." By IAN HAY
KYRLE BELLEW
NIGHTLY at 8. MATINÉES, WED. and THURS. at 2.30.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom 1½d. per copy. Canada, under 1½lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

THE GRAPHIC
SUMMER NUMBER

THIS year's issue will be most attractive. It opens with a charming and ingenious cover in three colours by Mr. LONGLEY, which strikes quite a new note. Among other coloured subjects are:

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS
By JAN STRUTHER.
Decorated by HOWARD ELCOCK.

LONDON'S RIVER POLICE PATROL
Showing the busy side of river life.
Illustrated and described by DONALD MAXWELL.

ITALY'S SUNNY CITIZENS
Wonderfully life-like camera studies by DONALD McLEISH.

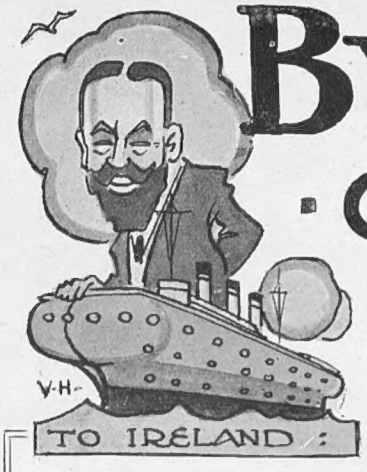
WHAT THE ALPS LOOK LIKE IN SUMMERTIME
Illustrated and described by Mrs. WILL CADBY.

A SUMMER'S DAY AMONG THE MONSTERS OF SYDENHAM
Showing the extraordinary collection of prehistoric animals scarcely known to the public.

WHAT THE FOX DOES IN THE SUMMER
A little known aspect of Natural History.

DOUBLE AND QUITS
A Dinner Table Romance by PETT RIDGE.

Price - - 1/6
Issued June 18, 1921



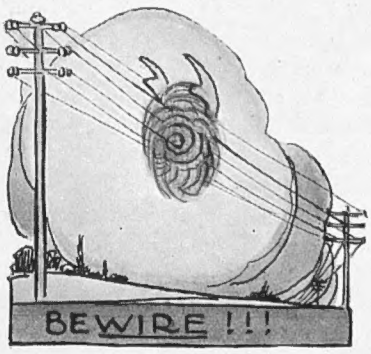
BYSTANDER COMMENTS..

The Strike and Public Apathy

ONE of the worst features in this madness of the coal strike seems to me to be the comparative apathy of the general public. It is generally conceded that public opinion in the long run is what settles the serious strikes. But public opinion must be expressed, both parties must be made to realise what the public opinion is. It is useless for newspapers to report, to discuss and pontificate if people will not read them. And I am sure that vast numbers of people no longer "follow the strike," or, at any rate, with the keen interest it calls for. They turn to lighter things—golf, cricket, polo, lawn tennis, the weather even. They exclaim at the beauty of London's clear atmosphere. They seem to forget that even the Black Country now has the same clear air, and that it is costing them and the country generally untold millions to secure this unusual but unprofitable beauty.

"To-morrow We All Go Bust"

ONE may, perhaps, find a considerable amount of excuse for this apathy. The long strain and agony of the War have not been followed by a real feeling of peace. We have not been able even, as it were, to lick our wounds in peace and quiet for a while. Trouble after trouble has rained upon us. A mere list of them could not be printed upon a page of THE BYSTANDER. To the more serious troubles are added the pinpricks of D.O.R.A., inseparable from a bureaucratic system, which a once free people must dislike and bitterly resent. The result is that many, too many, of us have grown callous to our sufferings. We take our troubles as the slave takes the lash. Almost we say, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, as far as the regulations and our rifled pockets allow, for to-morrow we all go bust!"



The print despatched by wire
Is sure to raise the criminal's ire

Frightening Away Visitors

THESE same regulations are costing London, and other parts of the country, hundreds of thousands of good American dollars, with which we could do very well just now. A recently arrived American, one who is equally at home on both sides of the Atlantic has been telling me that we have frightened thousands of Americans from coming here at all. "They have read," he said, "that you have no coal, no lights, no trains. The hot-water and heating systems of England, generally speaking, are not quite what the American is used to. He knows the fickleness of the English summer, and is afraid to risk it without coal. Thousands have gone direct to France and other parts of Europe. Many have

By FRED BUCHANAN

SUGGESTED DESIGN FOR A NEW POSTAGE-STAMP

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

fled from the absurd restrictions of London to the freedom of Paris. They want a holiday, sure, not a mild term of punishment by your War-time regulations. There's enough of that at home."

Press "Barracking"

CARTOONIST and writer alike continue to lampoon our own cricketers before and during their matches against the Australians. I suppose it is useless to say anything more about it. But it has surely done much harm. We complain of Australians "barracking" our men on the field in Australia. That sort of "barracking" is not likely to be half so upsetting as the "barracking" we are giving them at home with pen and pencil. Ridicule kills.

Golfers' Private Lives

"SO-AND-SO beaten by Clerk," was a headline I saw over the account of a day's play in a recent golf tournament. It did not mean that Mr. So-and-So had been beaten by Mr. Clerk, but by a gentleman who is a clerk—as another headline put it, "Champion falls to a Midland Clerk." It was in accounts of the same tournament, I fancy, that one saw frequent references to the fact that one of the competitors was an artisan. Now the tournament in question was not a contest between golf-players representing various professions and callings. Nothing of the kind; I did not gather the profession or calling of a single one of the other competitors. Only the clerk and the artisan were thus distinguished. Why should we be told what they do when they are not playing golf? As a matter of fact, we do not care what they do at such time.

THE RIGHT MEDICINE

By ALFRED LEETE

THE SICK WORKMAN: "Suppose I'll have to try this now, the others only did me harm!"

Sheer Snobbery

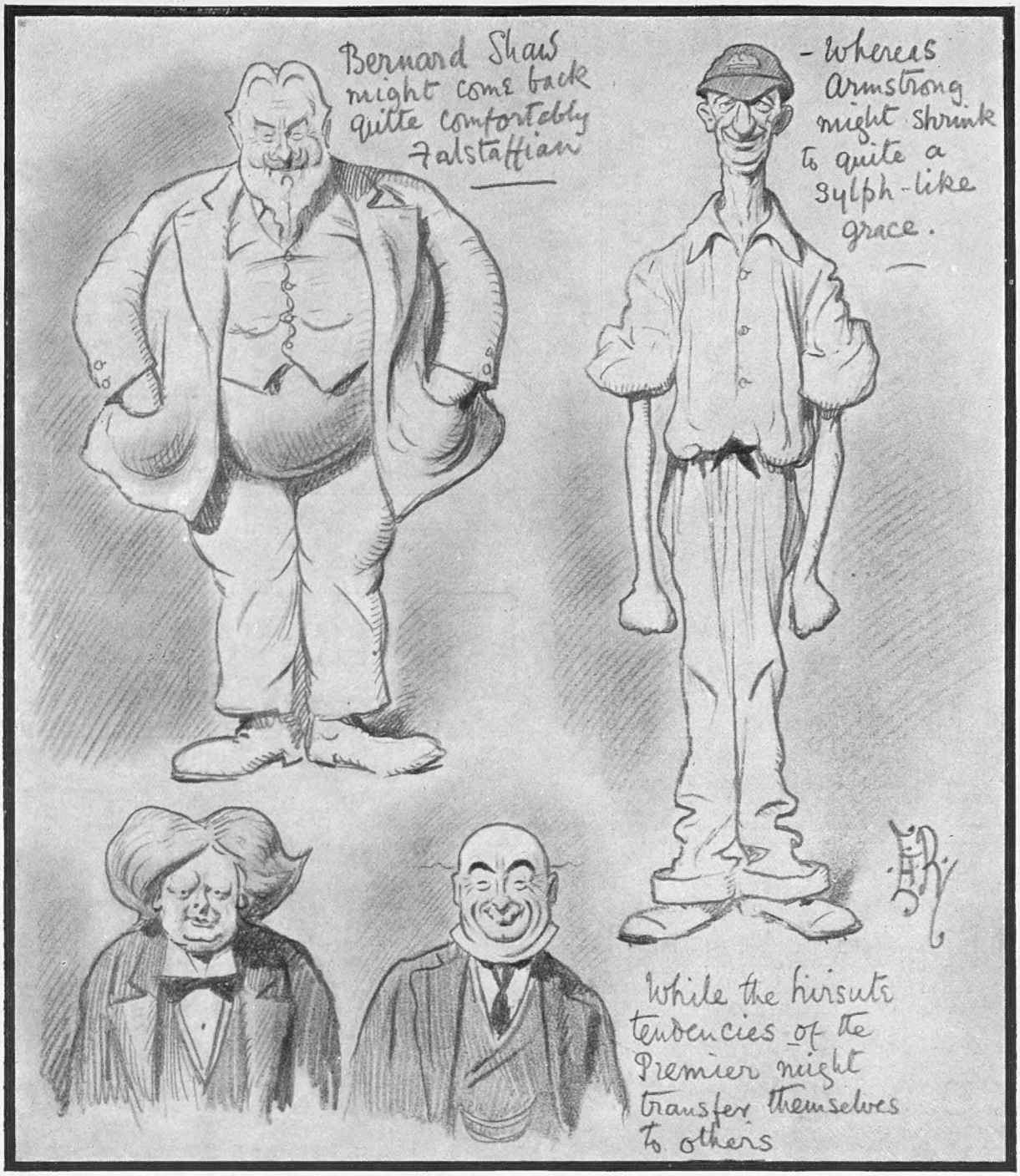
AND now I see in a number of paragraphs devoted to things theatrical one in which a well-known actor is mentioned with "of Charterhouse and Caius College, Cambridge," after his name. The paragraph is not biographical, and has no reference to the connection of Cambridge with the Stage. The educational homes of other actors mentioned in the paragraphs are not given. Of course not. One might as well, in an account of a cricket match, write of "Mr. C. B. Fry, M.A., Oxon." These details are all very well for *Who's Who* and other biographies, long or short. Then why drag in this "clerk" and "Charterhouse and Caius"? I put the question to a friend, who suggested that in each case it was a peculiar form of snobbery on the part of the writer. It might well be dispensed with.

American Beauty Invasion

THE frequency with which "one of the most beautiful women in America" is reported as having arrived in this country makes me feel quite sorry for the United States. America has always been very proud of her beauties, and if they continue to come over here at the present rate she will soon have none to boast of. Of course, we are glad to welcome them, and I do not want to be thought rude or unappreciative when I say that we really do not need them. I simply mean that I have not noticed any increase in the average beauty of the fair ones in London, and, therefore, it seems to me unfair to rob America, unless by so doing we benefit ourselves

A Debating "Coach"

I HEAR that the American University Debating "Team" who are shortly to be the guests of the Oxford Union Society are bringing their "coach," called a "Professor of Argumentation," with them. The question is—what is his job in the great forthcoming debate? Does he cough discreetly once when it is time for the funny story, and twice when his young *protégé* should thump heavily on the despatch-box. Or will the immaculate and courteous President of the Union insist, with his usual calm grandeur, on "seconds out of the ring"? The debate being about the Monroe Doctrine, there is little doubt which way the vote will go, but this is a splendid instance of the heroic thoroughness of the United States.



TRY THE U.S.A. FOR THE TRANSFORMATION OF PHYSIQUE By E. T. Reed

Mr. Gilbert Chesterton having returned from the "States" a completely changed man—in fact (second only to M. Leon Morton of the Gaiety) the slimmest man in London—it is expected that other public men will be tempted to try the "cure"

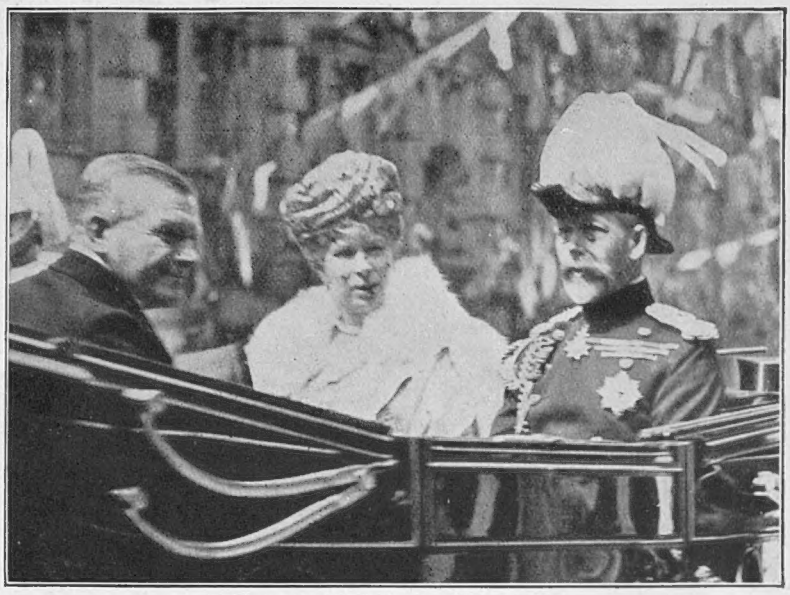
The Carpentier-Dempsey Fight

Dempsey, it is to be regretted, is having trouble with an old wound over his left eye that refuses to heal, and may handicap him in next month's great match with Carpentier. Though no one will be better pleased than myself if Carpentier wins, it is with very much greater regret that I see the following remarks on the subject from the New York correspondent of a daily paper: "The re-opening of the wound during the match with Carpentier might place Dempsey in difficulties, *and it is certain that Carpentier will make the wound one of the chief points of his early attack.*" When one is fighting for a world's championship I suppose one cannot afford to be squeamish; one doesn't worry about helping the other fellow up before the count is over. But if I know anything of Carpentier he will hit his man when he gets an opening, and very hard—but it will not be deliberately on a wound another fellow made for him. I fancy there will be enough of them of his own making, and those very unsporting words which I have put in italics be found to be a bit of New York correspondent rather than of the French champion.

Photograph *Central News*

THE PRINCE IN WALES

After his installation as Chancellor of the University of Wales at Cardiff last week, the Prince of Wales conferred honorary degrees on Mr. Balfour, Lord Haldane, and the Earl of Plymouth. The Prince terminated an amusing speech in Welsh, much to the delight of his audience, and—we hope—Mr. Balfour



THE KING OPENS A NEW BRIDGE

Southwark Bridge, just completed to alleviate the crush of traffic over the Blackfriars and London Bridges, was opened by the King and Queen in state last week. With them was Mr. Shortt, the Home Secretary

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Honours Easy

WHO shall continue to say that the Court is old-fashioned and is inclined to frown on the amusements of the time? When the King and Queen were at Knowsley Carpentier came over especially from Paris to give an exhibition of boxing, and now our newest of Marchionesses, my Lady Curzon of Kedleston, had Maurice and his dancing partner expressly over from Paris to dance before Majesty after the great dinner last week in Carlton House Terrace. George Robey provided the other part of the entertainment, so the honours amongst the Allies were easy.

The King and Queen have also lunched in Bedford Square with Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, so honours are easy again between the political powers that are and the political powers that were.

The Promise of Ascot

UNLESS the Sinn Feiners blow up the Grand Stand, the Royal Enclosure, and devastate the course, Ascot promises to be brilliant. In fact, hundreds of folk, disappointed of most the season gives them in normal times, have been looking forward to Ascot as the one bright spot in a world made gloomy for lack of coal.

There will not be a large number of house-parties. Even before the War the motor had reduced these. Now taxation has reduced them lower still, and the golden days when you could live at Ascot or Sunningdale and get all, or a larger part, of your year's rent by letting for "Ascot Week" have gone, and for ever.

Practically the same traffic arrangements are being made as for the Derby—another cocking of snooks at the railways.

You will hear a marvellous deal about Ascot gowns, but I think, if you keep your eyes open, you will see that simplicity and economy will play a large part in the adornment of the fair.

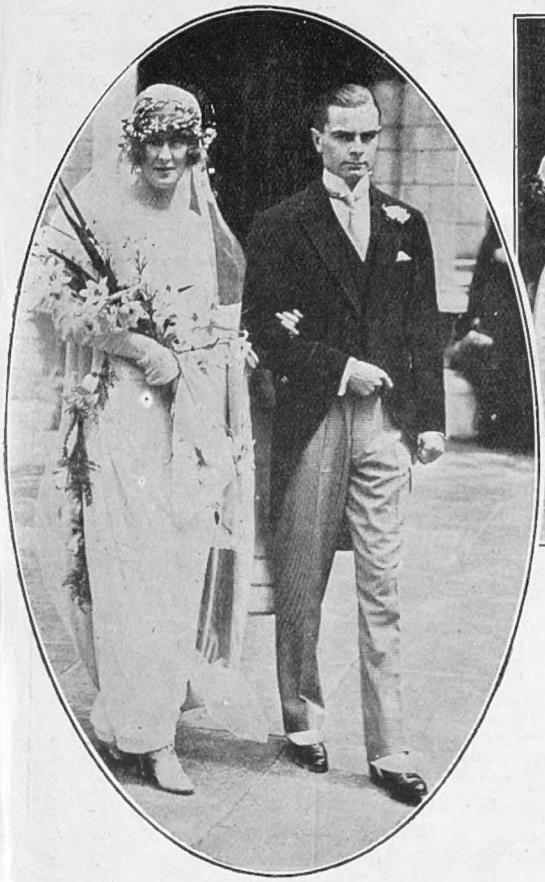
Photograph] PRINCE GEORGE [*L. N. A.*

On a camel amongst the Pyramids. On board the Iron Duke, he has been visiting a number of ports in the Mediterranean. The Iron Duke's visit to Constantinople may give the Prince some small idea of what active service can mean

Ascot as a Consolation

EVERYBODY is immensely relieved that there will be the usual party at Windsor and the semi-State processions. The cancelling of the Courts and the absence of all Court functions this season have been right and proper, seeing the industrial troubles, but, when all is said and done, the miners are not the only section of the community, and no coal or light is used at Ascot.

Besides, this year it is practically the only Court function, for no further word has been heard about the suggested garden-parties.



Photograph WEDDING OF THE WEEK [*G. P. U.*

Miss Jean Hamilton and Mr. J. Buchanan-Jardine leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their marriage. The bride is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Ernest Hamilton. Mr. "Jock" Buchanan-Jardine is the only son of the well-known racing baronet, Sir Robert Buchanan-Jardine of Castlemilk, Dumfriesshire

Photograph THE BRIDESMAIDS [*G. P. U.*

The bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Jean Hamilton and Mr. "Jock" Buchanan-Jardine. The Earl and Countess Cadogan's little boy and girl, Viscount Chelsea and Lady Beatrix Cadogan, acted as train-bearers. Among the bridesmaids were Miss Brenda Hamilton, Miss Ursula Chamberlain, Miss Joan Lloyd, Miss Pamela Peel, Miss Lorna Baldwin, Miss Pamela Campbell, Miss Sylvia Portman, Miss Dilkusha Wrench and Miss Vera Piercy

The House of Marlboro' and America

HISTORY has an odd way of repeating itself in some families, but I don't recollect a repetition so exact as that of the Duke of Marlborough and his father. The late Duke, as Marquis of Blandford, was divorced by his first wife, an Abercorn, and married *en secondes noces* Mrs. Hammersley, a very wealthy and charming American widow. The present Duke has likewise been divorced by his first wife, *née* Vanderbilt, and is now engaged to Miss Gladys Deacon, an American, whose beauty, when she first came to London, made a great stir. The Marlborough family would seem to have a decided penchant for Americans. The Duke's uncle, Lord Randolph Churchill, married an American, the lady who has been a great figure in Society for so many years, first as Lady Randolph Churchill, then as Mrs. George Cornwallis West, and now again as Lady Randolph Churchill. His step-mother, who was so well known as Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, married Lord William Beresford, one of the famous Beresford brothers. They lived in great splendour at The Deepdene, Dorking, where the Duchess made the gardens famous. The Deepdene is now an hotel. *Sic transit!*

Photograph *G. P. U.*

STAFF LIEUT.-COL. I. CAMPOS

Of the Portuguese Army, with his bride, Doris Dunbar, after their wedding at Westminster Cathedral. The bride is the daughter of Mr. R. J. Barrett, Managing Editor of the "Financial Times"

Photograph *Central News*

WELL-KNOWN HORSEWOMAN'S MARRIAGE

Miss Kathleen Wilmot the younger daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Wilmot, whose marriage to Mr. Charles Pym took place last week at All Saints Church, Binfield, Berks

Photograph *Newspaper Illus. Co.*

LEAVING THE CHURCH

After the ceremony at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. Major Michelmore, D.S.O., M.C., with his bride, Miss Margaret Phœbe Newbolt, youngest daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Newbolt

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE KENNEL SHOW AT RANELAGH

The Ladies' Kennel Association held their annual show at Ranelagh last week. It was, indeed, lucky that the fire which broke out had no serious consequences, for the show proved a great success. Left to right: Mrs. Harcourt Powell, Miss Eyre, Mrs. George Powell and Mrs. Lawson giving their dogs a little exercise

Photograph *Lafayette, Ltd.*

LADY ELCHO

Second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, and widow of the late Lord Elcho, whose engagement to Mr. Guy Benson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Benson, of Buckhurst, Sussex, has just been announced

I suppose now we shall have two Duchesses of Marlborough as well as two Duchesses of Westminster—most muddling for foreigners.

One Way of Putting It

SERVANTS' ideas of breaking sad news are sometimes strange beyond all accounting for. One day last week a friend of mine was expecting an old friend to lunch. During the morning he was rung up by his friend's valet, who said:

"I'm sorry to trouble you, sir, but I believe you were expecting Mr. So-and-So to luncheon to-day?"

My friend said he was, and then came this:

"I'm afraid he won't be able to come, sir, because he's died in his sleep!"

Photos Photo Press

MISS EDNA JONES

Whose marriage to the Premier's son, Major Gwilym Lloyd George (on left) takes place this week. Miss Jones is a sister of the Mayoress of Carnarvon. Mr. Lloyd George intends to be present

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

INTERNATIONAL POLO REFEREE

Lieut.-General Sir Henry de Lisle, D.S.O., who will referee the International Polo matches, the first of which takes place at Hurlingham on Saturday

Letters of Houses, Beware!

THOSE who have large houses in London which they wish to let should take warning from this story.

A lady with a large house in the Queen's Gate region let it furnished at a reasonable rental through a firm of irreproachable house-agents.

LORD AND LADY ROCKSAVAGE

At the Horse and Polo Pony Show at Ranelagh last week. Lord Rocksavage was unable to play in the polo matches which followed the show, owing to a slight accident to his right arm

She departed to the country. Imagine her feelings when, a week later, she chanced upon an advertisement in the

Times setting forth the attractions, the luxurious furnishing, etc., etc., of a house in an "aristocratic quarter," dances every evening in a drawing-room with a parquet floor where "guests would be received on inclusive terms." The address given was her house. It had been turned into a boarding-house!

The indignant owner rushed to London, and found her abode *choc-à-bloc* with people, and being

Photograph *Keystone View Co.*

THE WINNING TEAM

Lord and Lady Ludlow arriving at Richmond after winning the Driving Marathon from Hyde Park to the Old Deer Park

Photograph *G. P. U.*

AT THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW

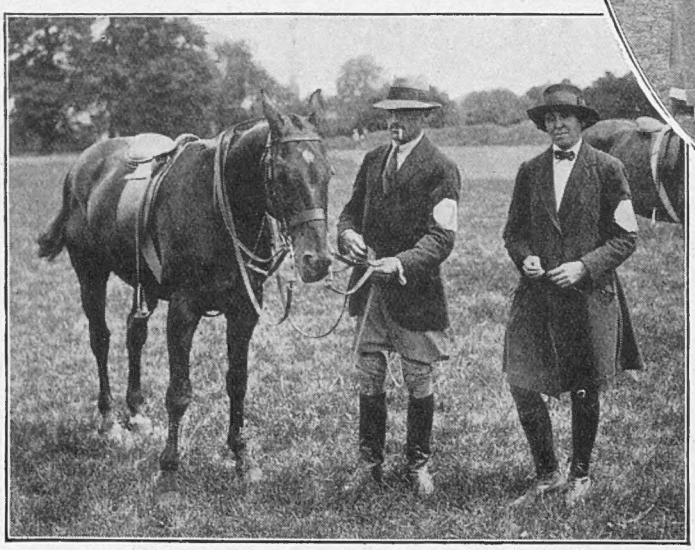
There was a wonderful display of horsemanship at Richmond last week, Mounted Police disguised as Arabs giving an exhibition of tent pegging, and later, an intricate musical ride. From left to right: Lady Mary Fitzmaurice, the Earl of Orkney, Earl Lonsdale and the Marquess of Cambridge watching the events

guineas a week for each bedroom there is not an inconsiderable sum left in your pocket at the end of your tenancy after you have paid the rent. It is an ingenious way of making money at the expense of somebody else's furniture, so those who want to let houses should see that an anti-boarding-house clause is put in their agreement. If not they may find their address is causing wear and tear far beyond any covering by the rent.

run exactly as an ordinary boarding-house is run. Naturally, she appealed to her lawyer, but as there was nothing in the agreement forbidding such a use of the house—and into whose head would such a possibility enter?—she seems to have no redress.

The person who took the house, I am told, has done precisely the same thing elsewhere in London, and at the present time has two, if not three, furnished houses running as boarding-houses which have been filled by the attraction of an exceptionally good address.

If you take a large house for three months and get something like four to five



Photograph] **MAJOR AND MRS. BARRETT** *[L. N. A.*

At Ranelagh during the Polo Pony Show. Major "Rattle" Barrett at No. 2, will, of course, play against the Americans at the International Polo contest at Hurlingham on Saturday, together with the rest of the England team

Photograph *Central News*

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

With Colonel Laurie watching a display by the Mounted Police. Colonel Laurie directed operations

A Ball, a Note and the Telephone

SOME people are keeping to their dates fixed for dances, but in the majority of cases they are being postponed or cancelled.

Photographs *Bassano, Ltd.*

LORD AND LADY BYNG

General Lord Byng will shortly succeed the Duke of Devonshire as Governor-General of Canada

Elaborate preparations were being made for a ball in Portman Square. In the afternoon an awning was put up from the front door to the kerbstone; florists' vans disgorged masses of flowers. When the lady of the house was taking a quiet cup of tea in the midst of her labours she received a note—from whom, no one knows.

The note said that if the ball were given every window in the house would be smashed! The ball did not take place, but if you mention the word "telephone" to that lady, she shudders.

If rumour is correct the note did not come from the unemployed or disaffected, but from a well-known club, certain of whose members felt the display of the ball more than a mistake at such a time, and who had pledged themselves to break the windows if their warning were disregarded.

We live in strange times, my friends.

The Prince—Just Like Him

EVERYBODY loves the Prince of Wales—you just can't help it. But there are some people to whom his innate kindness of heart will be a precious memory for all their lives.

I have this little story from an old friend who lives in a town visited by the Prince during his recent tour in Cornwall and Devon.

"There was such a crowd," she writes, "I did not dare to venture into the streets. During the morning a friend who is staying here in the hotel sent me word that the Prince was going there to change his clothes. Her sitting-room was close to the foot of the staircase, and she said if I would come we could stand in the doorway of her room, and so see him as he passed. The Prince had his foot on the bottom step when he turned and looked at us. We made our little curtseys, and instantly he came to us, shook hands, and *thanked* us for waiting to see him,

Photograph *Mendoza Galleries*

MRS. ROSITA FORBES

In whose honour the National Political League are arranging a National appreciation at the Hotel Cecil on Wednesday, June 29. Her thrilling adventures, "Across the Desert to Kufra," are being published each week in the "Sunday Times," subsequently in book form by Messrs. Cassell

and hoped we were not tired as he was rather late!

"When he came downstairs after changing we were still in the doorway. He came to us again. In the interval *somehow* he had found out who we were, and spoke of all my interests in the town, and my friend's affection for the place. What kindness, what real kindness of heart to two old women! I understand now his success in Australia and New Zealand. His smile is irresistible and he is absolutely sincere."

Photograph] VISITORS TO ULSTER'S PARLIAMENT *[Topical Press*

The first sitting of Ulster's Parliament was inaugurated by Lord Fitzalan, the Viceroy of Ireland, at Belfast City Hall. Above are some who attended. From left to right in front: the Marquis of Londonderry, Lady Craig, Lord and Lady Pirrie, Sir James Craig and Captain Herbert Dixon

Science from an Uneasy Chair

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

An interesting discovery of an old flint arrowhead in the Farnham gravels

Who Will Win at Polo?

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

England's Good Chance Against the Americans

On Saturday and Wednesday next England and America are to meet for the first time since 1914 in another struggle for the International Polo Cup. The special accommodation which has been provided at the Hurlingham Club is likely to be taxed to the limit. Both sides in the coming matches are desperately eager to win, but the prediction may safely be made that the games will be fought out on the purest lines that are known in sport. I write this without hesitation, having behind me the recollection of other International matches in which the rival teams have declined to take the smallest advantage of any mishap which has overtaken the other side.

American Brilliance

Will America succeed in regaining the trophy? Their team is unquestionably very strong. Their play in some of the trial games has been dazzling in its brilliance. We have seen "Dev" Milburn in magnificent form. His mighty drives and tremendous back-handers are for ever turning defence into attack, and he remains, as he was when he helped the Americans to win the cup in 1909, a great polo personality. The left-handed player, Mr. J. Watson Webb, has been wonderfully steady and consistent in the practice games. His countrymen tell me that he has fairly excelled himself over here, and he promises to make a splendid pivot of the team.

MAJOR LOCKETT AND HIS TEAM

"Tommy"

Then there is young Hitchcock, the greatest player for his years I have seen since Mr. Buckmaster came down from Cambridge. "Tommy" is an extraordinarily fine hitter, and very dangerous when he gets within range of goal; but you cannot expect everything from a player twenty-one years old, and he is inclined to get a little "rattled" when he is up against a first-class No. 3 and the pace is exceptionally hot. International polo imposes a strain upon players which no other polo does, and if Mr. Hitchcock lines out with the team on Saturday it will be interesting to observe how far his comparative lack of experience will affect his game.

The Teams Compared

Let us compare the two teams individually. At No. 1 I think we shall have an advantage on this season's form. Colonel "Mouse" Tomkinson is a better forward than the Americans can produce. At No. 2 you have the vigour and dash of Mr. Hitchcock to contrast with the wiliness and consummate knowledge of tactics of "Rattle" Barrett. The latter is better at No. 3 than at No. 2, but if he has the right sort of ponies he will triumph over the drawback of being called upon to play out of his best place in the game. At No. 3 there is not much to choose between Lord Wodehouse and Mr. Watson Webb, though the American has been the more consistent of the two so far this season. At back it is again a case of honours even, for Major Lockett, while perhaps, not such a big hitter as Mr. Milburn, is remarkably safe. The result of this little analysis seems to indicate that our superiority at No. 1 may enable us to win the test matches. Ponies, of course, will count enormously, but assuming that the teams will be equally well mounted I believe that the riper experience of the home team will pull them through.

CARICATURES

THE AMERICAN PLAYERS

BY "THE TOUT"

RHAPSODY

By M. Butcher

HIS LADY FAIR

BY ALLERED NICHOLSON

After a final glance to make sure that his tie was sitting correctly, Jevons closed his door behind him, and, pocketing the key with its huge metal ticket of No. 53, set off in search of dinner.

Suddenly he paused in astonishment as a stream of the most violent language echoed up and down the corridor. It evidently came from the room on his right, No. 50, the door of which was slightly ajar.

A very irate husband telling off his wife, Jevons decided, but surely no one had any right to let go to that extent. It was no affair of his, after all, but his hands clenched angrily as the voice rose in a perfect storm of invective. Then it stopped, he heard a woman laugh, and the door was pushed to.

She had pluck, anyway, he reflected, but what a beast the man must be. If only he could have walked into the room and said what he thought of him. He felt disgusted and thoroughly ruffled; such things did not occur in his everyday world of work and play. An orphan, destined for the Army and brought up amongst a large family of cousins, life had presented little that was complex.

However, down in the dining-room, amid the softly shaded lights and the pleasant hum of conversation, he soon forgot.

A jolly pretty room, he thought, looking round, and quite a good-looking crowd, too. Most of the tables seemed taken, except a small one for two by the door; specially reserved, judging by the look of the hovering waiter.

Jevons inspected the *menu*, ordered a whisky and soda, and settled down with a feeling that life was really quite passable. Half-way through dinner he was startled by a clap on the back, as a voice exclaimed:

"Hullo, Jevons! What brings you here?"

"Why, it's old Peters! I never saw you come in, my son! Why am I here? Because I came to join my uncle, but he's just wired to say he can't turn up till Monday, so I've got to stick it out till he comes."

"Hard luck. I'm just off to catch the 8.40, or we might have had a beano. Well, so long. See you at the 'Shop' next week."

Left alone, Jevons was thinking that it really was a bore being stranded like this for the week-end, when, looking up, he saw that the reserved table was no longer unoccupied. A dark, squarely built man sat with his back to the room, whilst opposite to him was one of the prettiest women Jevons had ever seen. Dressed in soft, shimmering blue, she sat there superbly unconscious of her sudden conquest.

He was fascinated, barely remembering to cloak a too obvious stare. Suddenly the episode of the corridor flashed unbidden into his mind. Supposing it was she who had been compelled to listen to that torrent of abuse? He grew hot at the very thought. But no—it was impossible, the man, whoever he was, was clearly caught in the same enchanted net that had fallen over Jevons himself. He dismissed the idea as absurd.

The rest of dinner passed in a haze, and later he regretfully watched them start for some theatre.

He went up early and spent a restless night dreaming of a frontier outpost from which he rescued her, his Lady Fair, who, suddenly turning into a football, swore at him roundly and evaded his clutching fingers.

Next morning he was doomed to further disappointment as, after breakfast, the pair left in their car for an all-day run.

Late in the afternoon he decided on a tramp along the sea front. As he got back to the hotel a car drew up, and the lady of his meditations got out, leaving her companion to drive round to the garage.

Holding open the swing door for her, Jevons was rewarded by a smile and nod of thanks before, crossing the hall, she entered the lift. He noticed she was wearing grey to match her eyes and that on her feet were grey suède shoes with steel buckles, which somehow seemed familiar.

Full of joy, he bounded up the stairs, and, turning the corner of his landing, was surprised to see her half-way down the corridor. Then, to his horror, he saw her enter

"HIS LADY FAIR" (*concluded*)

No. 50. Was he mistaken, or could some other people have had the room?—rooms were occasionally changed about in hotels.

No—he was right, for at that moment a hand appeared putting out the grey shoes, and he now knew why they had puzzled him.

He had seen them outside the door the night before! That settled it, it was her room.

He dressed in a ferment, wracked by conflicting emotions. What could he do? Nothing, absolutely nothing.

Hurriedly finishing, he walked down the corridor again, and now noticed that a pair of man's brogues stood beside the shoes.

As he passed the door a faint sound caught his ear, a sound of suppressed sobbing. Terror seized him; was the brute ill-treating her? He listened fearfully. There it was again—now it had stopped. He waited a few moments longer, but there was no further sound, and, realising that his self-control was fast failing him, he walked resolutely on.

To-night he sat at his table barely conscious of his surroundings, his eyes fixed in suspense on the table by the door. Soup—fish—entrée, he eat each mechanically until at last she came in, followed by the man. As they sat down he saw that a handkerchief was tied round her wrist, probably to hide black finger bruises, he reflected, savagely. What wonderful pluck she had! Who would dream of the awful life she lead? Why, she looked more topping than ever to-night as she leant across the table talking and laughing, and actually holding out her wrist to have the knot retied! What a hypocrite the fellow was! A consummate actor, too, he was even looking concerned about it!

Jevons almost choked with rage.

To look at, the fellow appeared quite a decent sort. Could it be a subtle form of insanity? In that case her very life might be in danger. What was to be done? To tackle him would only make it worse for her.

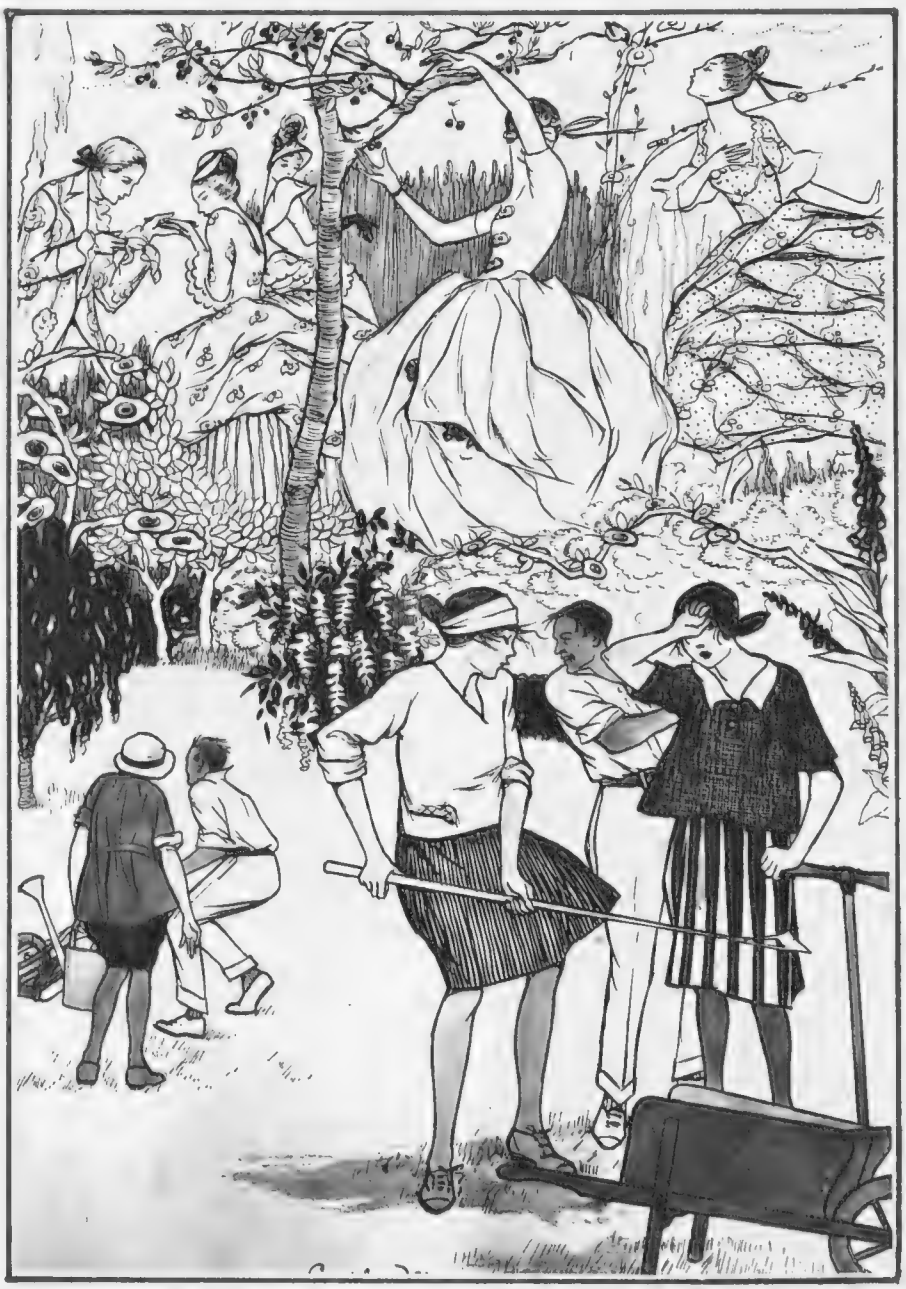
Scheme after scheme presented itself, only to be thrust aside as useless. At last in desperation he decided to adopt the only practicable one he could think of. Picking up the *menu*, he wrote on the back: "If you should want help, knock on No. 53," and hurriedly put it in his pocket.

Later on he would go up and slip it under her door, trusting to her finding it when she went up. Then he would keep a lonely vigil all night, within reach should she need him. Feeling more satisfied, he left his table and sought a chair in the lounge. As the last puff of his cigarette smoke curled ceiling-wards he saw her come in, and her words, as she spoke to a friend, floated clearly across to him:

"He was in a temper, and took a piece out of my wrist. Sometimes he cries like a child, but at others his language is far from child-like! My husband rushes with the green baize cover, and then I unstop my ears. But parrots are often tricky——."

Jevons moved away, and as he burnt the torn scraps of *menu* he reflected that her voice was really horribly shrill.

ALLERED NICHOLSON



THE PENALTY OF MODERNITY By ELSA COURLANDER

Those good old times were not so bad if one can believe Watteau

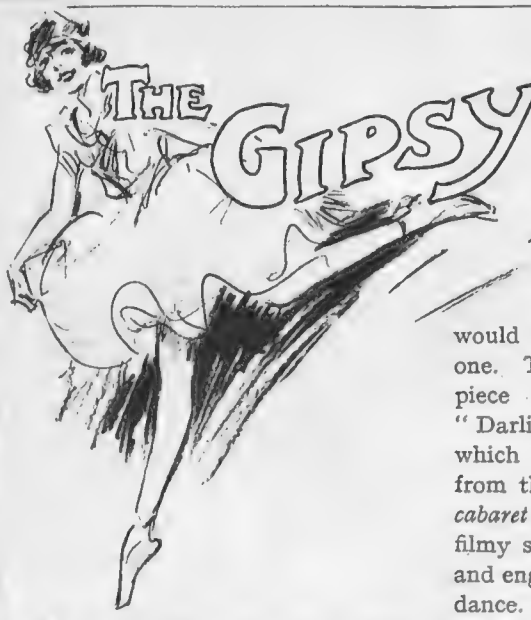
"A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur"

"SANDY"
Rescued by the Yankee from the wicked Queen Morgan Le Fay

"SIR SAGGY *v.* THE CONNECTICUT KID"
The triumph of the lasso over the lance. Sir Boss, determined to give the crowd their money's worth, lassoes Sir Sagramore and drags him round the arena, causing a slump in the iron market

A FILM version of Mark Twain's stirring story of when knights were bold, of rescues by knights in armour riding in "Lizzies of Tin" and on motor cycles, of tourneys and telephones, dragons and dynamite, culminating in the blowing-up of a sixth century castle, "which," as Sir Boss saith, "brought down the house." The film is being screened at the Alhambra

"QUEENIE"
Queen Morgan Le Fay. "Some queen, who ought to be in a beauty chorus"



THE GIPSY PRINCESS AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by* MACMICHAEL

I THINK this production is what is called a popular success. It may have its faults; but as it appears to be the kind of thing the public wants, that is all that matters. Most of us have our faults, but our friends stick to us notwithstanding. On the night of my visit the house was crowded, and I judged from a cursory glance about me that the deadheads were few and far between. In view of the present slump in matters theatrical, such a state of affairs is all to the good. Another happy augury for the piece is that it tells a nice love story with a handsome prince in it. Somehow the love affairs of a prince always seem more interesting than those of ordinary unromantic people, and lest there should be any doubt of the ability of the prince in this case to kiss nicely, he gives a quite unusual lot of evidence of his skill in that direction. You could almost see the ladies pursing their lips mechanically every time the young man had a fresh outbreak. A still further bid for popularity is the fact that the prince falls in love with a lady far beneath him in rank, and that sort of thing always appeals to the girls, because you never know, do you?

THE first act takes place in a *cabaret* known as "The Purple Kitten," which recalls the old rhyme about the æsthetic young man who never saw a purple cow, but would rather see one than be one. The fun starts with a bright piece of nonsense about the "Darlings of the Chorus," in which merry revellers lift down from the stage to the floor of the *cabaret* a number of lovely girls in filmy skirts and endless stockings, and engage them in a wild hilarious dance. I think this represents what the French call *le high-life*, which, for reasons of their own, they pronounce to rhyme with fig-leaf.

The leader of the revellers is Prince Ronald, very effectively represented by Mr. de Jari. Irish, I presume. To hear Mr. de Jari sing of Love is of itself an intellectual treat—or something of that sort—for the ladies who hang upon his words. The prince, while revelling at the *cabaret* with the best of them, is there for a far more serious purpose. He is in love with Sylva, the *cabaret* star, and what is more surprising still, he is anxious to marry her. But his stern parents who have heard of the regrettable entanglement, intervene at this stage and do their best to queer the pitch.

THE Prince is ordered to report for military service at once, and we all know that that is not an order to be ignored. So many people used to try it, and found it didn't work a little bit. Sylva really ought to be starting for America, where she is under contract to sing, but at the Prince's request she delays her departure for half an hour or so in order that a contract of marriage between them may be drawn up and signed. This is, perhaps, a little prosaic, and nothing like so romantic as Gretna Green, but in these days of general shortage, even romance must sometimes feel the pinch like the rest of us. I do not know what kind of a contract it is; but the Prince explains that it is good for three months, anyway, and, to judge by the news from the Divorce Court, that is a very fair time to stay married nowadays. I think the idea really is that three months from date the Prince undertakes to confirm said contract; and Sylva, therefore, proceeds to America with documentary evidence that ought to be a clincher if she

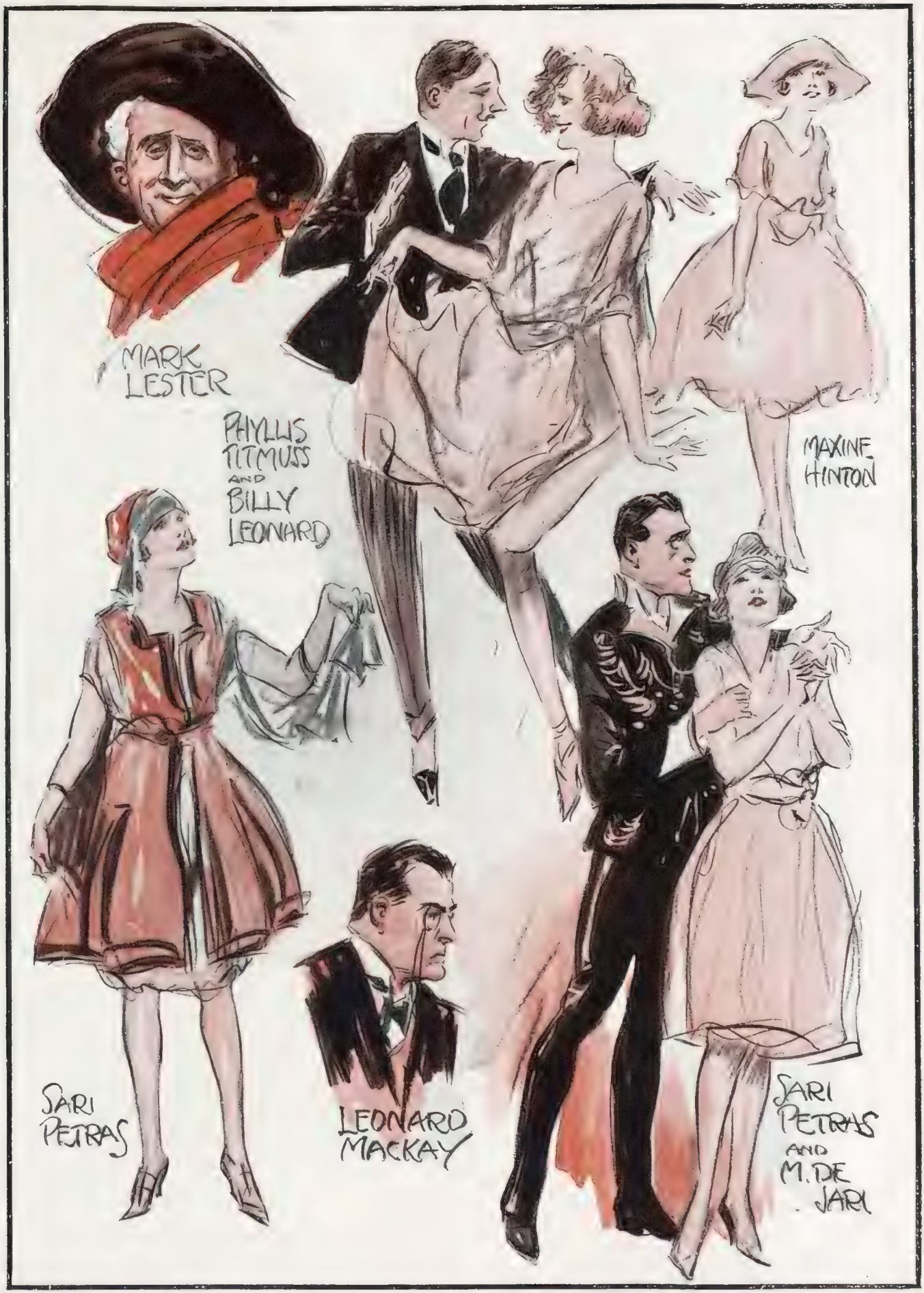
should ever fancy commencing an action for breach of promise.

As a matter of fact, Sylva pretends that she does not think it right to insist on the due acknowledgment of the contract, as she would not for worlds diminish her Prince's social prestige by encouraging the *mésalliance*. She, therefore, asks a simple-minded young man, Lord Boniface, to pretend that he is her husband, though at the same time, with the wariness of her sex, she is very careful to turn up again on the day on which her three-months' contract with the Prince is due to expire. She is formally announced at the Prince's palace as "Lady Boniface," but anybody can see with half an eye that if the Prince will only get enthusiastic enough about her she will meet him halfway and a bit over. And it is so.

But, after all, the intricacies of the plot in a musical operette do not matter very much so long as the atmosphere of dear romance is once firmly established. Everybody knows after the first few minutes, in a piece of this kind, that the hero will pair off with the heroine at the finish. All we want to know is how they are going to do it; and this is explained very prettily and very gracefully by Mr. de Jari and Miss Sari Petras as the story develops. It was long ago laid down as an axiom that all the world loves a lover, and for that reason a very fair section of the playgoing world will want to go and sympathise with the Gipsy Princess and the young man she is, as it were, walking out with.

A DISTINCT asset to the play is the humour of Mr. Mark Lester. He is Count Feri, the Prince's Fidus Achates — or some other Latin words that signify a polite and well-meaning hanger-on. As evidence of his deep interest in the Prince's affairs, the Count is one of the first to kiss the bride after the signing of the marriage contract, which shows that he is not the kind of chap to stand aside when there is a scoop going. Mr. Mark Lester is a sound humorist, who gets his laughs without any perceptible effort, and his whistling song, with its alluring chorus, ought to take the town. Another humorist of a broader kind is Mr. Billie Leonard, who takes the part of Lord Boniface, a young man of exaggerated simplicity and strange physical contortions. Mr. Leonard's great hit is with his song, "A Strong, Silent Man," which is a delightful piece of nonsense, concluding with a dance that seems to consist for the most part of throwing the ladies of the chorus about the stage in a wild, reckless manner. What they call having your fling, I suppose. But it is all very good fun, very ably expressed.

THE Prince's parents, in summoning him away from the side of the fascinating Sylva, have at hand a bride of their own selection, daintily impersonated by Miss Phyllis Titmuss, who has a very nice sense of comedy. Her song and dance with Mr. Leonard, entitled "Mr. Cupid," provide a turn of quaint and graceful nonsense which is one of the delightful features of the evening. The Gipsy Princess herself, Miss Sari Petras, sings with her usual fascinating perfection, and she is sturdily seconded by Mr. de Jari, whose fine voice and forceful love-making must constitute him the darling of the goddesses at the very least. The music, by Mr. Emmerich Kalman (Scotch, I presume), seems destined for wide popularity, and should certainly attract lovers of light opera to the Prince of Wales's Theatre for some time to come.

JINGLE

BY MACMICHAEL

SOME IMPRESSIONS AT THE PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE

At the Internatio

THE R

(The International Horse Show op

onal Horse Show

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

EFUSAL

pens at Olympia on Saturday next)

AFTER THE MORNING DIP

Fry's Chocolates

MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.

A Black & White Ascot

by BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

It was Melita Tweed's first Ascot since her widowhood—the widowhood that transferred her from a slave into a queen.

For Ranklin Tweed—called by his many ardent haters "Rank Weed"—semi-millionaire, had exacted the last ounce of his Shylock bargain with Melita, who had married him to banish the haunted look in her bankrupt father's eyes, and the tears in her mother's.

Tweed made her feel from the first that she was the temporary star of a group of courtesans, the favourite in a harem of Turkish delights.

During three years she had earned, by the figurative sweat of her brow, every shilling paid to her father's creditors, and every costly apparel and jewel wherewith Tweed, in his barbaric way, insisted she should be decked to do him credit.

And now she was free! And after twelve months had emerged from the chrysalis of respectful seclusion enforced by the terms of her late husband's will.

He had been a stickler for outward forms of propriety—not an uncommon prejudice with breakers of every unwritten law. It happened that Yeo Penton, son of Lord St. Maw, an honourable by courtesy, a defaulter by inclination, one of the crowd who had hobnobbed with Tweed for the sake of perquisites, had found opportunities of seeing Melita during her retreat.

And, being gifted with physical attractions and an alluring method with women, he had made such good headway with her that he already saw himself in possession of the half-million legacy.

Things had been going from bad to worse with him financially, and to help him through he had enlisted the help of Standish Barre, a Canadian of means and sterling qualities, owner of a French title which he was too modest to claim, and an idealist.

Barre fell in love with Melita the first day Penton took him to see her, but understanding that there was a private engagement between the two stood back and generously assisted the course of apparent true love with timely loans of money and the gift of a car in which Yeo could travel constantly to see his lady fair.

"She is bent on going to Ascot," Penton said, "and I've promised to drive her down. What about you, old son?"

"I'll drive down with you," Barre answered, "perhaps you'll both lunch with me in the Sport Club's tent?"

"Right!" Yeo was pensive for a moment.

"Anything wrong?" queried Barre, in his usual straight-to-the-point fashion.

"I'm in a devil of a hole," Yeo admitted, "backed a friend's bill—let in for it—must settle or the shark will pounce. You see—well, I'm going to ask Melita now to let me give it out. There will be swarms of fellers after her as soon as she is available, as it were. If it wasn't that she really cares I shouldn't have a dog's chance with her."

Barre was silent.

"The Governor," resumed Yeo, "is going to welcome his prodigal son back as soon as I marry, and give me a decent allowance. It's just this interim time I've got to pull through."

And he added, "I'm thinking of Melita. She—she's never cared for anyone but me."

Barre was not a fool, but he was deeply in love and diffident, and as Melita had never said or done anything to disprove Penton's assertions, he had grown to believe that her happiness was bound up in this wastrel, whose good birth, good looks, and good-fellowship mitigated his recklessness. "How much is this vicarious debt?" he asked, soberly.

"Six hundred," said Yeo, promptly.

Barre sat down and wrote a cheque.

Yeo expressed unbounded gratitude, and handed him an I.O.U.

"We had better get a fourth," he remarked, "a lady for you, Standish, old fruit."

Barre dubiously consented, a lady for him was secured by telephone, and noon on the following Tuesday found them on the road to the course.

Melita, lovely, radiant, signalising her emergence from her shell in a harmony of black and white that was a poem of hope overcoming tribulation, sat next to Penton, happily absorbed in him; while Barre, with a tumult of repressed love and self-sacrifice rioting in his pulses, but outwardly phlegmatic, resigned himself to the vivacious

(All rights strictly reserved)

prattle of the fourth, Lady Smylie.

At various corners policemen stopped and directed the traffic towards the races. It was after one of these stops that Penton's car found itself alone running along a road bordered by a copse.

"What a big bird!" exclaimed Melita. "Isn't it quaint, Yeo?"

"By Gad!" ejaculated Penton, "it's a magpie. One for sorrow, you know. Hope the beggar won't bring us bad luck."

"It's just like a policeman," she said, and laughed.

For the magpie sitting on a low branch had slowly flapped its wings as though passing them on, and then sailed into the cover of the trees.

The incident was forgotten by all of them until Melita, gazing at a string of horses cantering past, exclaimed, "Look at that lovely black! What's its name?" and consulted her race-card. "It's called 'Special Constable,'" she said, "we *must* back it. Yeo, pút twenty pounds on it for me, will you?"

"There isn't time to get it on here," Penton answered, "but I'll send a wire."

"I'll have a fiver both ways," said Lady Smylie, and Barre supplemented with "A pony to win for me, Penton."

Melita had been so steadily monopolised by Yeo, and Barre was getting so fed up with his lady, that he would have backed anything for any amount to get rid of Penton for a few moments.

As Yeo crossed the paddock to the telegraph-box, where a queue of backers waited with wires, his mind worked rapidly. He had paid his bookmaker up out of Barre's loan, and other debts of honour had absorbed the rest of it. He had only enough cash to carry him through the week.

Supposing the horse won! He might be thirty pounds to the bad over the women's bets, since he could not dun them for it. On the other hand—his eye caught the clock, and showed him it was past the starting time. At any instant the "Off" could cancel his wire: no time for indecision.

The queue of eager punters pushed him on, and he emerged at the farther side of the guichet, and, turning sharply to the back of it, took a complete circuit of the paddock, joining the others just as shouts of triumph announced a victory and the number of the winner was hoisted up.

"Number eight," Melita was saying, joyously; "it *is* 'Special Constable.' I knew it would be. Oh! Mr. Barre, it was the magpie's tip. Look!" For as the beautiful black horse was led past she realised that the jockey's cap and colours were mixed black-and-white.

"Jove! so it is," Barre assented, "and it wasn't favourite by a long chalk. We shall get a good price."

"I'm so awfully sorry," Yeo broke in, "I don't know what you'll all say to me. But it can't be helped. I couldn't get my wire timed before the 'Off.' There were a score of others in the same plight."

Lady Smylie looked like a thunder-cloud, but Melita only laughed, and touched Penton's arm in affectionate reassurance.

"It doesn't matter," she said, "if we haven't won we haven't lost, at all events!"

But as she turned to Barre she caught a transient flicker of some strong feeling in his eyes.

"What's the matter?" she questioned as they walked towards the entrance. "You're not vexed with poor dear Yeo, are you?"

"Not a bit," he answered. "I'm only wondering how 'dear' Yeo is to you. Forgive me—but I—I'm interested in both of you, as you know."

She had flushed a brilliant rose-colour under his intent look.

"That's only a form of speech," she stammered. "Yeo is just—just an old friend, you know."

"Soon to be something more?" he asked, in a low voice.

She saw he was strangely agitated, and wondered, for the occasion did not seem to warrant it; yet the agitation pleased and stirred her inexplicably, because Standish Barre had been an enigma to her from the first.

"No," she answered so softly that he scarcely caught the word, and as he bent nearer Lady Smylie's voice sundered them.

"Where is this luncheon tent of yours, Mr. Barre? I'm starving."

When they reached town Lady Smylie asked Melita and Barre into her flat for cocktails. Penton excused himself as he had to take the car back to the garage. They had arranged to dine with him, at the Ritz, and it was his confident hope that when he drove Melita home afterwards, as he meant to do, and asked her the big question he would gain her consent to a prompt announcement of their approaching marriage. As he dressed for dinner that night he whistled exultantly at the thought of a rich future.

Next Monday he would have over six hundred pounds—the win on "Special Constable."

A very happy thought loitering until the winner came up! It had enabled him to take the whole if it won, or to claim unpaid bets if it had lost.

A trifle farther from the line than his previous dealings; but what would you? A man must live, and after his marriage he could run straight.

His pæan of joy was interrupted by the advent of an express letter and the evening paper. He read the note first:

DEAR PENTON—Lady Smylie asked us to give you a message, regretting her inability to join you at dinner. Melita begs me to make her excuses also. As a matter of fact, she is dining with me to celebrate the happy event of our engagement. She permits me to make it known to you, so as to remove any misunderstanding that may have existed in your mind about her. I hope you will feel that all transactions with me (which were those of friendship) are closed, with no debt on either side. And I may add that I was close to you to-day when you handed the telegram, containing our unlucky bets, to the clerk, who timed it before the signal flag fell. Melita had sent me after you with a message, but you disappeared before I could give it. We will drop the subject.—Yours, etc., STANDISH BARRE.

The blood surged up to Penton's brow as he snatched the paper and turned to the racing stop-press news.

"Special Constable disqualified for boring. Imp of Mischief placed first."

Yeo Penton's world had caved in, and he stood staring at ruin.

"It was all that dashed magpie," he said, bitterly.

BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

TALES OF THE PEACE-TIME R.A.F.

Owing to lack of space, the third story of this series is unavoidably held over until our next issue.—ED.

A Nicht wi' Burns

BY FRANK NEWBOULD

THE SCOT: "We're haein' a nicht wi' Burns next week"
THE SASSENACH: "Oh, 'oo's 'e goin' to fight?"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

Peach-Coloured Knees for Brunettes: Pêtales de Rose for Blondes

IT is not all of the artists who find there is beauty in the bare legs or the bare knees. In fact, there are not a few who think that both are ugly. The movement for the bare knees has more sympathy than the fashion of the bare legs, because in the first style the wearers have the stockings—though not much of them.

MES AMIS—

IT has not taken a long time for the fashion to powder the knees to arrive at Paris from America. One has considered it to be the ideal *mode* for the most hot days of this *pénible été*. But one is not content with the elementary way to execute a bright new movement which has appeared to give the satisfaction at New York. In the eyes of less inexperienced Paris, New York, while inventive, is always rather crude and *gauche*. Paris proclaims her pride to be artistic. Therefore, while she has generously conceded to New York the merit of the originality, she has thought that to powder all the knees in the similar colour is to leave the new art on the low level.

THE pink knees may be very well for the pale people—that is, the blondes. But for the brunettes it is not considered to be the good colour at all. The decision of the authorities (in Paris there are the authorities on all the subjects, although they have not ever been heard of before) is that the ideal for brunettes is *couleur de pêche*. Peach-knees for the dark girls, *pétales de rose* knees for the blondes. This is the verdict of the artists. At the least of those of the artists who give the support to the new *mode*.

IT is the absence of the stockings which has offended the good taste of the artists who are opposed to the bold bare-leggers. And their taste coming to be shocked they have been led to be blunt in their remarks. They have, indeed, been almost rude. They have said that for a bare leg to look attractive it must be perfect; that in order not to be distasteful it must at the least be of good shape and proportion. If that were not enough to suggest that the bare legs which have been seen are far from pretty, the artists have added that the contour provided by the most cheap woollen or cotton stocking has far more of the artistic appeal than the bony or beefy displays which have been recently offered to the boulevardiers. And other critics have rubbed in the ribaldry. One has pointed out that there was an excuse for the first adoption of the unstockinged leg, which was at the time when the *bas de soie* and *bas de laine* had the price of the cloth of gold. But now that there is no longer the question of economy the impulse is that of *coquetterie*, and the innovators did lose all *coquetterie* when they revealed to the world their deficiencies. "Put on your stockings, little girlies," have said the candid writers, "for the fiction has held more charm than the truth."

"Will it be the similar affair for the knees"

AS the *mode* of the powdered knees does include the stockings the critics are, to this extent, disarmed. One has recalled that in the summer of last year, when some of the audacious fashionables appeared at the *bals de casino jambes nues*, the effect was not of the most pleasant. It was not that there were the complaints against the shapeliness of the leg, but against the colour. It has appeared that the leg has not been able to keep the pace, with the features that are ordinarily visible, in the matter of the sunburn. The

(Continued on page 660)

On the Shores of Lake Como

BY HELEN McKIE

THE SEASON ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

The lake district on the Italian Riviera is now crowded with visitors. There is every kind of amusement—mountain climbing, boating, tennis and dancing. Impressions of Lake Como by our artist hot-foot from Italy

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

contrast has been startling to an extent that has not been agreeable. And even when there has been the plentiful application of the *poudre d'ocre* the transition from frock to *jambe* has lacked the harmony. With the new fashion it is considered—by those who are not the downright opponents—that the harmony of the transition may be maintained. This largely through the medium of the stocking, which, though downturned like that of the footballer to reveal the knee, tones softly down the divergencies.

WHETHER the painted *genoux* are supposed to take the *teint* of the face or the frock I have not been able to discover. Not mine has been the fortune to encounter any of the *audacieuses*. All I have done so far is to read the accounts of those who have been the more fortunate. There has been one, *par exemple*, who has declared that this *derniere mode* is confined within the such narrow limits that only the ladies with the really perfect knees can dare to display them, and therefore, not anything but the absolute beauty will be offered to the public gaze. Another has insisted, in the style the most poetic, that when one says "Lady, I am at your knees," one has the satisfaction to have those hitherto concealed possessions within the view. The movement, it has seemed, has made its first appearance in other circles than that of Marcel and myself. This despite that we had always understood that we were among the "advanced." *En tout cas*, that has been probably due to some accident.

"Audacious fashionables appeared *jambes nues*—"

BUT what I have the worry about is the dangers one will have to run on the very hot days if the fashion shall become really popular on the boulevards. At the present it does seem necessary on the very summery days for a lady to take out the puff and put a fresh dab of the powder on the cheeks at all the hundred metres. Will it be the similar affair for the knees? If it shall be so I have the fear that this will lead to the complications. For, to commence, there will be the necessity to have the different puffs and the different powders for the different sections of "the picture." And one cannot help but think of the calamity that shall arise if a lady make the mistake in the choice of either. Suppose she shall give a dab to the left knee that shall put it in the chromatic conflict with the right one. The result is almost too terrible to contemplate. It has so appalled me to think what she might begin to do if she became excited that I cannot bear to write more about it.

ROLAND

From the "LE GOÛTER." BY LUCIEN JONAS *Paris Salon*

The Charm of the River

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

COOKHAM FERRY

A beautiful glimpse of this lovely spot surrounded by all the glory of the wonderful Cliveden Woods. Inset is a view of a backwater at Hurley

Pictures of Industry

ONE WOULD LOVE TO SEE

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Government official imploring miner to stop work as the land is flooded with coal

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *June* 13

DEAR COUSIN—

WHY *are* we in England now, anyway, now that June is here? Seems, according to some of the scribes, that the season's quite dead already and everyone boosting up to Scotland for salmon-fishing, or tiger-shooting, or whatever they do up in those parts. Or floating along Pariswards to see if there isn't, perhaps, a touch of that, in London, sadly missing gaiety to be found in *La Ville Lumière*.

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BUT don't you believe them, dear cousin, not more than you've got to so's to be barely polite, anyway. The season dead, they say? And that though this is Ascot week, with Royalty giving its protecting ægis to the big event of the early summer season, "semi-State" processions and all, just as in pre-War days? Eight landaus, each drawn by four horses and attended by outriders in scarlet livery, to carry the Royal party and their guests in seemly manner on to the course! And the Spains, Alfonso the Irrepressible and his consort, expected too? What a hope (as they say)—*what* a hope!

"This is Ascot week"

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'COS I suppose there really *are* people who *do* hope to put the kibosh or complete full stop on seasons and ceremonies and things, whenever or wherever they occur, anytime, anyhow, anywhere. Kind of sort of persons, you know, who hate anybody really enjoying themselves ever, and would like to put poison in your cocktail at that little dinner at the Carlton or the Savoy or Ciro's or the Ritz, just so's to save your soul (and the future generation's), and if you moved on to a dance afterwards would be almost prepared to add something frightfully lethal to your fruit cup, in the idealistic hope of rescuing you for ever and ever from the clutch of mundane temptations and all that sort of thing, what?

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BUT, spite of strikes and things, the world seems desperately or lightheartedly determined to go on having a good time somehow so long as the sun shines—or even when it rains. Discovered at the Derby, didn't we? that you can have a perfectly good race-meeting without the railways, and at Ascot, too, I expect there'll be packed crowds on the lawns and surging millions in queues for the lunch tents just as usual. Though it'll be odd to see the station silent and empty for once, instead of pouring out all day a seemingly interminable mob.

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WONDERFUL how you *can* do without things, if you're only forced to. Found that out in the War, didn't we, in lots and lots of ways? Though I must say myself I prefer to have every bit of the extras and all the pomp and panoply of life that there is. Such as even, for instance, perfectly lovely pre-War uniforms like the Guards wore in St. James's Park the other day for the Royal birthday show, with their gorgeous red coats and striped trousers and positive masses of gold lace anywhere where it could be put. Just showed for once, they did, that it isn't only woman whom it makes all the difference to, being smartly and becomingly dressed.

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ONCE more, too, this Saturday as ever is, the Horse Show opens its pre-Warlike doors at Olympia to admit us to that ever-fascinating arena, with its grass banks and masses of flowers, complete with imitation (so we're told) of famous nobleman's residence, and said nobleman himself, in glossiest of hats and longest of cigars, not least among the attractions of the show.

"Would like to put poison in your cocktail"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

WHICH is to include this time, *on dit*, a perfectly wonderful *and* smart crowd of Italian officers in that becoming grey uniform of theirs, who not only look nice, but are absolutely It in the riding way, and have been winning simply stacks of prizes on the Riviera. And our Allies from France are coming to defend their Gold Cup, and Spain (where the good lawn tennis players come from) is sending *its* smartest and best—and, take it from me, when the officers of King Alfonso set out to sweep the board they do know the right way to start about it. Don't mean just in riding, I don't—but I expect they're splendid *and* rapid at that, too.

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WILL give one quite a sort of war feeling again, won't it, to have all the uniforms from everywhere about in town once more—not to mention the crowds of Americans, too, who are over for the polo "Test," that starts this week? And brighten things up a bit, too. After all, London *has* been getting rather dull these post-War days, and sinking further and further into the drabness of peace.

"I prefer to have every bit of the extras and all the pomp"

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GONE are the days when the young ruled over us, when darling things in the way of subs and snotties bought all the best seats in the theatres, and gave us the expensivest dinners in the smartest restaurants and places, and laughed and revelled through their leave without a care in the world—till the time came to go back. Those days are gone—and with them, alas, oh, so many of those who filled them with gallant laughter.

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WE are back, as some one's been saying, in the days of the old men, with the young not even there, many of them, to speak for themselves. Days of the rich men, too—'cos most of the best of us simply can't afford to keep up the pace with prices and taxes, and all the rest of it what they are. And the profiteers and people aren't exciting sort of people to have about the place, running things generally, somehow. Tend rather to the pompous and dreary if anything, and rely for brightness mainly on their jewellery, which certainly is varied and extensive.

"A wonderful smart crowd of Italian officers"

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NOT sure we aren't getting into an almost excessively solemn frame of mind, too, some of us, for lack of the old youthful leaven. Simply devastatingly sad and serious shaking of heads daily and hourly over "the dangerous position into which our affairs have been allowed to drift," "a crisis, the severity of which has never been equalled," and so on. And daily, hourly, we're reproached for our indifference to the ruin which is slowly and surely (or rapidly and inevitably) approaching all of us—though quite exactly what they expect you and me to do to keep it off I don't quite know. Give up buying hats and sit about in sackcloth and ashes waiting for the catastrophe or what? I ask you.

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AS a nation, says one of our solemn monitors solemnly and sorrowfully among its melancholy warnings, we have not yet quite shaken off the war habit of mind. Rather think though, myself, I must confess that a bit more of the "war habit of mind" would do some of us a lot of good in some ways. One of the war habits, after all, was to carry on cheerfully whatever happened, and laugh in the face of death. And though, of course, we *are*, I suppose, right up against a pretty bad effort in the crisis way, can't see it's much use taking *too* much notice of it or getting cross with people just because they aren't weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth all the time.

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COULDN'T keep it up, for one thing—the strain would be too great. Can't cry *or* laugh all the time, can one? Life's got to be light and shadow mixed—though certainly there are times when we could do with a bit fewer of the dark patches. All the more reason, methinks, for doing your level best to worry over them as little as ever you can—especially when there's so many much nicer things to think of. Such as, for instance, holidays, that now loom quite pleasantly close at hand.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Imperial Services Boxing

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

Some good fighting was seen at Olympia last week during the Services Boxing Championship. Major Huntingdon, in the Officers' heavy-weights contest, succeeded in retaining his title. It was very unfortunate that Lieut. Bailey had slightly injured his hand on the previous day. The result against Capt. Gatehouse might have been a little different; as it was, Lieut. Bailey was defeated on points. Our artist gives a few impressions from the ring side

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

Leighton's Future

I WAS sorry we did not see Leighton out on the first day of the Newbury meeting last week. The hard ground intervened, and I think Mr. Cottrill was quite justified in not running the risk of slumping him up. The time will come when we shall reckon Leighton as an unlucky three-year-old. First came his breeder's false economy in the matter of entries. If the colt had been engaged as one of his pedigree should have been, I am sure the course of racing history would have been altered. He could, I feel convinced, have won the Two Thousand Guineas if he had been eligible and had been properly trained for the race. And had he run in the Guineas I believe he would have made a better show in the Derby. It was not so much lack of stamina that stopped him at Epsom as want of previous racing experience this season. I went to Newbury fully resolved to lay odds upon him for the Royal Stakes, for my opinion was that his race in the Derby would have improved him at least 10lb. I am satisfied that Leighton will be very hard to beat when he is really fighting fit.

A Grumble

BY the way, cannot the Newbury people do something to facilitate the motor traffic at their meetings? It was a dreadful business getting away from the course last week. My own experience was that I could not get into the town at Newbury—less than half a mile away—until exactly an hour after the last race. There is, apparently, only one narrow roadway from the racecourse, and the congestion of motors is worse than it was on the roads to Epsom Downs on Derby Day. This is not the first time that I have had a great difficulty in getting away from the Newbury course by road, and I appeal to Mr. Lloyd Baxendale and his fellow-directors to make other arrangements if it can possibly be done.

Ascot "Hard"

TRAINERS were pulling long faces at Newbury on account of the hard ground. "This does not look very promising for Ascot," said several of them as they saw the dust fly and heard hoofs rattling. I am afraid that unless we get a lot of rain between the time of writing and the opening of the Royal meeting it will be distinctly bad for the horses at Ascot. In fact, it may mean that some of the cracks will not be brought out this week, which will greatly detract from the interest of the meeting.

The Gold Cup

I HOPE that we shall see a reasonably good turn-out for the Gold Cup on Thursday. This will be Tangiers' chance to add his name to the list of double winners of that trophy. And on this occasion, let us trust, there will be no such *contretemps* as marred this race last year. I imagine that **Tangiers** will now win without it being necessary for his owner to go into the objection room to secure the verdict. I regard SILVERN as likely to prove his toughest opponent.

Hunt Cup Prospects

ALWAYS one of the most fascinating handicap problems of the season, the Royal Hunt Cup on Wednesday looks like arousing its customary excitement. Abbots Trace was the first to be installed in favouritism, not surprising in view of his fine effort in the Coronation Cup at Epsom. Happily Lord Dewar did the right thing in immediately notifying the public that his colt would not go for the Hunt Cup, but for other races instead. Abbots Trace's stable companion, Glanmerin, will make an excellent substitute. He is a good horse over the Hunt Cup course. I have much respect for the top weight, Square Measure, as well as for Roman Bachelor, but I think softer ground is desirable for both of them. Lower in the handicap I like the chance of Valescure, but it is rather against her that a filly hardly ever wins the Royal Hunt Cup. I shall take **Lacrosse** as a likely winner, and in his absence my vote will rest with GLANMERIN.

BY "THE TOUT"

"LOVE IN IDLENESS"

Mr. Joseph Watson is the man of the moment in the Turf world. He bought the Manton establishment a few years ago, giving his trainer, Alec Taylor, a free hand to buy bloodstock; result—"Lemonora," "Love In Idleness," and no doubt many more to follow. "Miss Cavendish" a promising two-year-old should add to the Manton reputation at Ascot this week

"Dark" Youngsters

I HEAR of several highly promising two-year-olds who are expected to make their first public appearance at Ascot. One of them is MISS CAVENDISH, who has the reputation of being one of the best youngsters in the Manton stable. This stable has not yet revealed its strength in regard to its two-year-olds, but you can rest assured that Alec Taylor has some pretty smart ones to show us before long.

The Social Aspect

SOCIALLY the Royal meeting promises to achieve its usual success, but I fear we shall all have to attend the meeting by road, and that is not a particularly comfortable business, and my advice is to get there early and leave before the last race each day if you want to get back to town in reasonable time for dinner. Ascot without its usual fine service of South-Western trains will seem very strange, but the motor triumphed at Epsom, and is likely to do so again this week.

Condition of the Course

I HAD a walk round the course one day last week, and found it extremely dry, especially the last half-mile. Sundry improvements have been made in the stands since last year, notably the narrow entrance to Tattersall's ring, close to the Iron Stand, has been built over, and other means of ingress from the Lawn have been provided.

Why Look for Any Other?

Lord Robert: By Jove! What a name "Duggie" must have among those who *know*. Just been looking through the comments of the great Sporting Papers, and what they say about him is simply wonderful.

Sir James: Yes, the *Daily Mail* speaks of his figures for the "Double" as being the largest of any Turf Accountant, so no wonder the *Sporting Life* backs this up by naming him as "By Far the greatest Turf Accountant in the World."

Lord Robert: Our friend *John Bull* says "He's Safe as the Bank of England," and the *Tatler* advises its readers to "Select Douglas Stuart."

Sir James: Oh, they all say the same. The *Sportsman* calls him "A pioneer and introducer of new ideas," and the *Sporting and Dramatic* chimes in by "Strongly recommending this exceedingly enterprising, liberal and reliable agency." Some praise. What!

Lord Robert: Oh, I've noticed simply dozens of similar Press commen s, but the one that strikes me most is the one a few days ago by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who said, "His name stands for all that is Best in the Racing World."

Sir James: Considering that he is always under the limelight, the unanimity is splendid. Makes one wonder why the Backers ever look for any other.

Write TO-DAY and open a

CREDIT ACCOUNT

DOUGLAS STUART

Member of *all* Principal Sporting Clubs

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THE MAYS AT CAMBRIDGE

The start of the May Races at Cambridge last week was not very largely attended, although our photograph would belie this. There was one surprise when Pembroke, having but one Blue in the boat, bumped Third Trinity, who had three Blues in a row. Great was their chagrin!

SPORTS & PASTIMES

LAWN TENNIS

Wimbledon in the Offing

THIS week the whole of the lawn tennis world is agog with expectation. The draw for the Championship meeting at Wimbledon, which starts on Monday next, takes place this (Wednesday) afternoon, and we may expect a programme of the now customary colossal dimensions notwithstanding the fact that the Committee of Management have very sensibly expunged from their prospectus the provision by which any winner of an open Singles competition could compete in the Championship free of entrance fee if he were nominated as a competitor by a club affiliated to the Lawn Tennis Association. This provision dates back to the days when would-be competitors at Wimbledon had to be encouraged to enter. Nowadays the rush on the part of competitors who really have no earthly chance is so great that it has become necessary to try and choke them off. And with the multiplication of open tournaments all over the kingdom a player can now win an open Singles competition, if he picks his tournament judiciously, without having any pretensions whatever to championship form.

RETURNING A HIGH ONE

Mr. F. T. Hunter, the American, playing exceedingly good tennis, defeated Shimidzu in the Kent All-Comers' Championship at Beckenham last week by 6—2, 6—2

Photographs *Sport and General*

A PROMISING PLAYER

The young American player, A. W. Jones, who has been playing at the Beckenham Tournament. Though only 17 years of age, he is playing with Tilden in the Doubles at Wimbledon next week

The Inevitable "Also Ran"—

BEFORE abolishing this anachronistic provision the Wimbledon authorities took unto themselves power to refuse the entry of any applicant whose form did not, in their opinion, justify his inclusion in the competition, and I venture to think that they must have been seriously embarrassed in the exercise of this power by the existence of the older provision which was obviously at variance with it, but by which they must, nevertheless, have felt themselves bound. They have thus got rid of one stumbling block, but there are, of course, others. The question whom to reject and whom to accept is in itself a very ticklish one, and moreover there are always a certain number of people in whose favour exceptions, for one reason or another the validity of which it is never easy to fathom, are made, so that it is unlikely that there will be any marked diminution in the number of the "also rans." If the accepted entry is not as big as it was last year I shall be agreeably surprised.

—And the Resultant Super-Man

I AM minded to talk thus at some length about the size of the Wimbledon draw because of what

FUTURE TEST PLAYERS

By Arthur Mailey

While Armstrong keeps our end up I have ample opportunity of learning a few new strokes from the boys of five to fifty who play in a neighbouring park.

A Future Douglas (*aged about six*): "Hey, Ginger, you'd better take young Maudie away. If I get one of my back cuts in, it'll fair knock her bloomin' 'ead off!"

it involves. It means that the player who survives to the final—perhaps in more than one event, though that is not so very material—has to keep going for a fortnight or thereabouts. He may not, if the luck of the draw favours him, be at full stretch all the time; he may have an easy day now and again, but he must keep going at all costs and be able to go his hardest at any moment, otherwise he falls by the way. This is why I regard the winning of the All-Comers' Singles (and of the Championship if the victorious All-Comer happens to beat the outstanding champion) as one of the finest feats in the whole domain of sport. It is a test, in the first place, of skill, and, on the top of that, of mental and physical endurance, the like of which cannot be found in any other game. The man who rises superior to "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" during a whole fortnight of lawn tennis in the torrid zone of Wimbledon at championship time is something of a super-man in the highest acceptation of the term.

GOLF

A Handicapping Anomaly

I have recently come across a case which, if the facts as related to me are truly stated, would appear to indicate a somewhat pronounced flaw in the method adopted by the Ladies' Golf Union of adjusting the handicaps of lady players. On a certain golf course, not fifty miles from London in a southerly direction, the ladies play under the handicaps allotted to them by the L.G.U. The play of one of these ladies, whose handicap is on the "long" side, has undergone a marked improvement of late, and in consequence of this she and her husband won with some ease a mixed foursomes competition held over the course not so very long ago. Their success encouraged them to hope that the wife's handicap would be reduced, especially as the husband had called the

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

attention of the secretary of the club to the obvious improvement in his wife's play. They were, therefore, not a little surprised to find, on entering for a similar competition over the same course a few weeks later, that they had the same handicap as that with which they had won before. And they won again.

The Inexorable L.G.U

FEELING that an honour so gained was a somewhat barren one, and that the resultant prize was not as well deserved as it might have been, for the reason already stated, they enquired of the secretary why the wife's handicap had not been reduced, and were told that it couldn't be done. The L.G.U., it was explained to them, would take cognisance of nothing in considering whether a player's handicap should be reduced or not, except the specified number of cards, properly certified as correct, of rounds of singles played by the lady herself in accordance with the L.G.U. rules and regulations. It must be added that this lady had not been able to comply with these requirements, and that she sees very little prospect of being able to do so in the future. Also that the couple did their best to straighten things out by putting up the prize they had won for an extra competition, in which they did not take part.

BOXING

Championship Chaos

IT has been obvious for some time past that the affairs of professional boxing in this country are in a most outrageous muddle. Why? Because the National Sporting Club, which professes to control boxing, does not, in fact, control it. It is up against the independent promoters of boxing contests, and its attempts to hold them in check have proved, so far, inadequate. For instance, it cannot prevent the holder of a Londsale belt (which is the outward and visible sign of a championship) from engaging in a contest with another man who challenges him, not for his belt, but for the possession of a pot of money put up by one of the aforesaid promoters, but it, nevertheless, takes cognisance of the encounter in a sort of half-hearted fashion.

S. EARL

Who won the final heat of the Challenge Sculls at Oxford in the first-rate time of 7 mins. 17 secs., over a course from Iffley to Salter's Raft, beating D. F. Leney (New College) by fifty yards

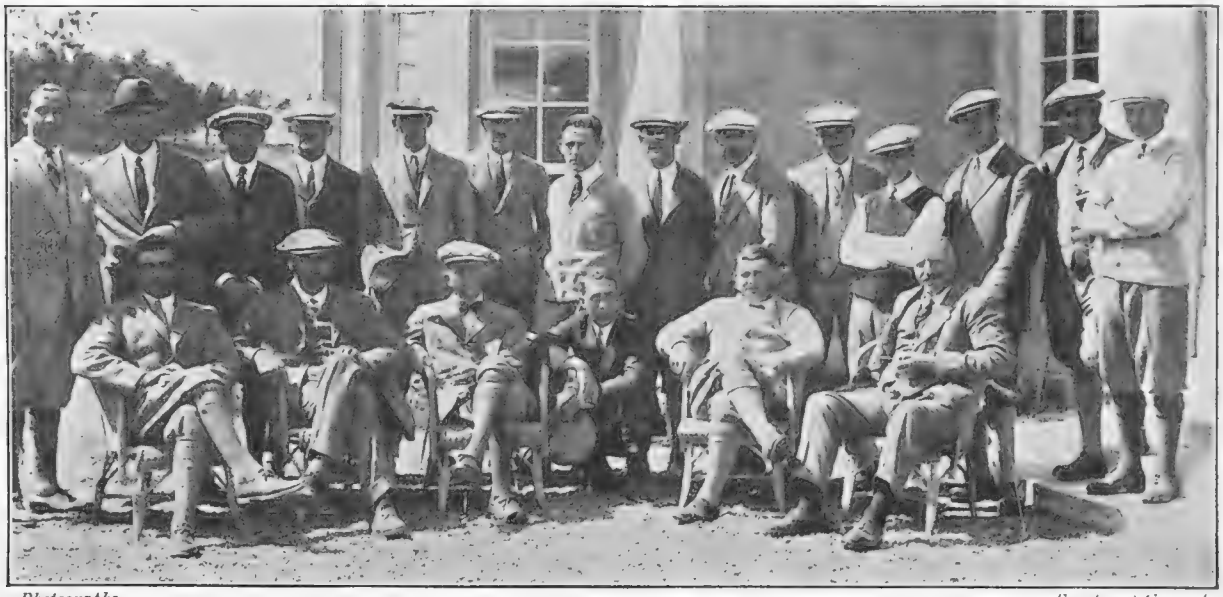
Half-Measures

IF the belt-holder wins, all, of course, is well, but if he loses the N.S.C. adopts the somewhat extraordinary course of withdrawing his belt from him and declaring the championship of the weight at which the belt-holder has been beaten to be "in abeyance." It does not recognise his conqueror as the champion, because the contest was not held under N.S.C. auspices. Neither does it recognise any subsequent contest arranged at that particular weight by a promoter as the championship of that weight, although the promoter naturally, to suit his own ends, announces it as such. The result is that the public at large are completely mystified. They do not know who is champion or who is not. The recent Basham-Platts affair is a case in point.

Semi-Recognition

THE mistake, of course, lies in this principle of semi-recognition. If in other sports a champion gets beaten in a contest which is not for the championship which he holds he remains champion. He can only be deprived of his championship in a contest held under the same auspices as those under which he won it. Any other contest in which he may take part is a side-show. But here we get partial recognition of the side-show, of which the people who are interested in side-shows are quick to take advantage. Can one wonder that chaos is the inevitable result?

H. S. S.



Photographs *Sport and General*

THE PROFESSIONAL TOURNAMENT AT GLENEAGLES

A group of the English and American professionals who competed for the thousand guinea golf tournament at Gleneagles. Of the three Americans who entered, two were knocked out in the first round and the third in the second by Renouf (Manchester). J. H. Kirkwood, the only Australian player, disposed of Havers, the young West Lancashire professional, in the second round

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OUR SHOWROOMS ARE ON THE FIRST FLOOR — OVER LLOYD'S BANK

MOTOR-NOTES

THERE is an archaic saying that "they do things better in France," which has recently been demonstrated at the fuel economy trials in that country, organised by the Automobile Club de l'Ouest at Le Mans. Last year there were some wonderful performances, but these were put far away into the shade by those of this. Each competitor was given a fixed amount of fuel, according to the size of the engine, the weight of the car, and the wind-resistance of the coachwork. The car that travelled the greatest distance was declared the winner of each class. Actually the Citroën, with a Solex carburettor, beat the field, covering nearly ninety-five miles before emptying its tank, with a Mathis two-seater a good second, with 93½ miles to its credit. On miles per gallon, Porporato, the racing driver, was the winner on a new car, the four-cylinder Hinston cycle-car, with 77.83 miles on a gallon of benzole. This had a Lasharnay carburettor, and its oil consumption was about a quarter of a pint.

* * *

WINNERS of the individual five classes of 1,100 c.c., 1,400 c.c., 2,000 c.c., 3,000 c.c., and 4,500 c.c., were the Mathis, Citroën, De Dion, Delahaye, and Voisin. The last-named also won on the weight plus speed and plus fuel cost formula, another Voisin being a close second, with a Bignan Sport third. A 16 h.p. Talbot-Darracq, with a big enclosed body, did 47 miles per gallon, taking its air through the crank-case, so mixing it with oil with a Zenith carburettor, and when this method was barred by the judges did 32 miles to the gallon.

* * *

THIS rather points out that the motor-cycle method of oil aspiration tends to reduce fuel consumption, even if it is inclined to make things generally messy under the bonnet by this oil vapour, and increase the oil consumption. Still, some valuable hints were obtained by this French trial, and I am very sorry the coal strike put a stopper on our own economy trials. But there seems to be a Fate with malignant tendencies against the British motor to prevent our progressing as much as all would like, whether as owners or makers.

* * *

MOTORISTS on the look out for new and useful accessories—I combine the adjectives purposely—as applied to the springs of one's cars might do worse

(Continued on page 674)

MR. J. L. NORTON

The designer of the well-known motor-cycle bearing that name. He has entered three in the Tourist Trophy Races, to be run on June 16 in the Isle of Man. At the end of the summer he contemplates going to Africa, Australia, and New Zealand to study road and atmospheric conditions out there

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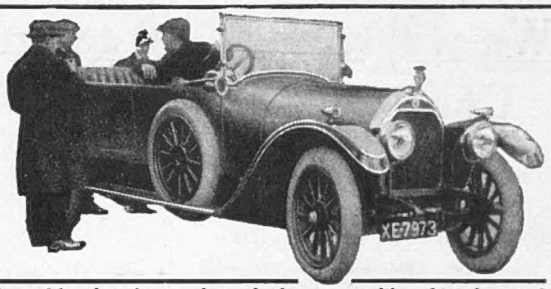

Seven-fifty doesn't sound much for a car like this, does it?

Vide "Motor Owner"

THE BACKBONE of any firm is its trading policy. The policy of the Darracq Company is "value for money." It is the simple, honest principle of the "square deal," and its very simplicity has successfully carried the Darracq Company down the years and placed it in its present sound position. It has paid the Company because it has paid the customer. As in the early days, so in 1921, and with the introduction of the new models for this season there exists the same feeling of confidence that any examination and comparison of these models will but justify the claim to having fully maintained a trading policy which has made the Darracq known the world over as the "value for money" car.

Press Opinions.

"WHAT IS THE BEST CAR OF THE YEAR?" "Daily Dispatch," Nov. 4, 1920.—"After the most exhaustive examination into the relative 'VALUE-FOR-MONEY' of the numerous cars exhibited at this year's Olympia Motor Show, in my considered judgment the 1921 model of the 16 h.p. Talbot-Darracq is in every respect the car as representing 'VALUE-FOR-MONEY' . . ."—W. H. Berry.

The same writer states in the "Evening Standard," March 4, 1921.—"After nearly 2,000 miles with the Talbot-Darracq on the road, however, I have nothing to take back from my original opinion, that she is the BEST VALUE in cars in her class in 1921."

"It is a very obvious 'VALUE-FOR-MONEY' car."—"Field," March 19, 1921.

"It is no exaggeration to say that the Talbot-Darracq is the best 'VALUE-FOR-MONEY' offer we have met with in the motoring world during many years of experience at home and abroad."—"Financial News," Dec. 8, 1920.

Specification: 16 h.p. chassis complete with C.A.V. lighting and starting, five lamps, clock, speedometer, four-speed gear-box, cantilever suspension, five wheels and tyres, £550.

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By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

From the Dawn,
Through the Ages,
The infinities of pain;
Unrevealed!
Born with all knowledge,
Yet hiding the jewels
From the swine in Man,
Imperially!
Bearing the fruits of the earth,
Demanding fertility,
Flowering on Man.
Woman!

* * * * * * *

The abyss of misunderstanding between Man and Woman persists because of man's blatant conceit, his arrogant weakness and his bankruptcy of comprehension of woman.

And in the eternal battle of the sexes only in the intoxication of unconsciousness does the respite come.

Man, who in his impotence is incapable of creating anything but the material, conjures in his imagination an idol of glass which he conceives to be Woman, and assumes the power to crush it to fragments with his feet of clay.

Through the ages Man's progress in the regions of sex is imperceptible. He is still the primitive hunter and provider. He hunts in herds, fights in herds, and thinks with the herd. And is led like a fool by the illusion of ideals.

But Woman is individual. She disdains a category. Designing, she enhances desire by demanding that she is sought for. Ever capitulating, she prolongs the combat that the respite may be more entrancing. And in the subtlety of her allurements she attains supremacy.

She has watched and seen the ghastly chaos Man has made by his savage policy of destruction. And in the future, with the mother instinct of her sex, she will enter the arena to preserve the civilisation for which she is responsible and save man against himself.

And when Woman's sphere of action is developed, Man may arrive at the truth of sex. For Woman—understanding Man's weakness, smiling at his sentimentality and loving his passion, loathing his viciousness and revelling in his adoration—knowing his incapacity to bear the burden of Truth, has fed him only on the transparent lies he has hitherto craved.

When Man proves worthy Woman will concede Truth. For Woman is by love the creator, the reproducer, the begetter of all joys and pains, and from her womb come the germs of all genius and knowledge.

When Man realises that his vision of Woman is merely the reflection of his own limited imagination; when he realises that he is merely the fertiliser to the plant of life, then he may appreciate Woman's catholicity, her fertility and her comprehensiveness.

Until then she is beyond his conception. For she can conceive all life and he cannot even conceive her.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Of course, all this is simply ridiculous. The philosophy is naked and independent of clothes. But one cannot live on philosophy or exist without clothes. So I must incidentally mention that the prices are more moderate than the wisdom. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. od. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. od. Dress Suits from £18 18s. od. Overcoats from £8 8s. od. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

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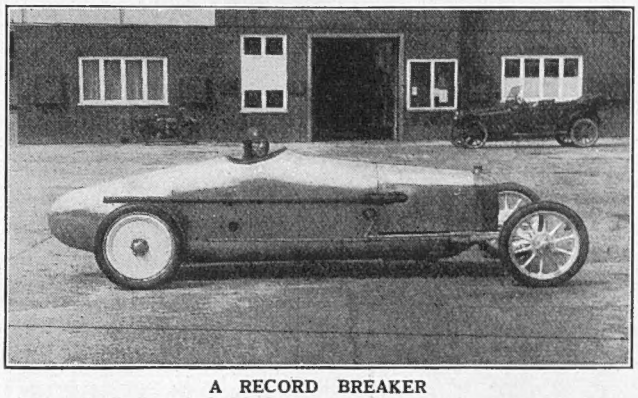
MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

than purchase one of the Tomahawk lubricators for forcing grease between the leaves, sold by Rejax, Ltd., and if the springs are a bit too easy on our pot-holed roads try the Hartford shock-absorber that Messrs. T. B. André and Co., Ltd., factor. The greaser has a hatchet head that opens the leaves of the springs and then the grease can be "shot" between the leaves through it. The shock-absorber damps the road jars by the means of prepared friction discs of wood working off two arms, one attached to the frame and the other to the spring. The tension of the discs can be adjusted through a spring to suit the greater or lesser needs for every individual car, according to its load and the bounciness of the springs.

* * *

WHILE on the subject of accessories I am glad I am not an electrical goods manufacturer, or else I should be very annoyed at the number of alternatives offered to motor owners in case the electric lighting outfit fails. "How to Get Home" is one of the titles that labels a set of oil side and tail lamps, "ever-ready" is the catchline of another set of lamps to attract those motorists doubtful of their electrical equipment. Wise folk usually carry a couple of extra bulbs for both head and side lamps, as well as a spare for the tail lamp, but, 'pon my word, I do think my faith in either C.A.V., Rotax, or Lucas is such that I would never spend any money in a box of "alternative" oil lamps, neat as the sets are.



A RECORD BREAKER

Mr. H. G. Hawker in his Brooklands Model "A. C." light car, with which he created world's records in recent speed tests

ONE of the best-respected dealers in London, the London and Parisian Motor Co., Ltd., have at last succumbed to the "speed merchant," as I notice that the Delage four-wheel braked Grand Sport model is announced to give eighty miles an hour, so evidently are catering for the youthful motorist, as well as the older carriage folk. Perhaps the revival of the Alpine trial over the Katschberg and the Surrachehoehe by our Allies in Czecho-Slovakia, in which sporting English motorists usually compete, is their excuse, which also tempted the Rolls-Royce people into a speed model *ante bellum*. Quite a number of other firms advertise that their motor-cars can do sixty or more miles an hour nowadays, which is very amusing to the older school of motorists, considering the twenty miles an hour speed-limit is still with us. Formerly they would not have dared to publish such a statement for fear of the owners of such cars being penalised by the police in every "trap" ever set, which shows how things must have progressed in this regard the last two years. There is quite a good "Alpine" car built in that neighbourhood that Charles Jarrott is interested in, as far as this country is concerned, which is full of excellent features, though is really more Austrian than Czecho-Slav, but a fast bus, anyhow. A smaller model of the present Alpine is also coming here, which the motorists in South Wales who have seen a sample declare to be "quite the goods" for its 19 h.p.

OLD HY.

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TALBOT
The Aristocrat of Medium Powered Cars

"The Motor," Feb. 2nd, 1921, says: "In brief, this new 15 h.p. TALBOT, while possessing all the good features which built up such an excellent name for its prototype, is a much refined and greatly improved edition. It should attain a position among modern cars similar to that held by the old 15 h.p. model—one of greatly respected repute."

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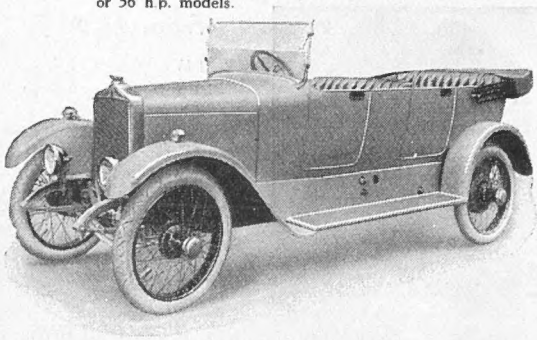

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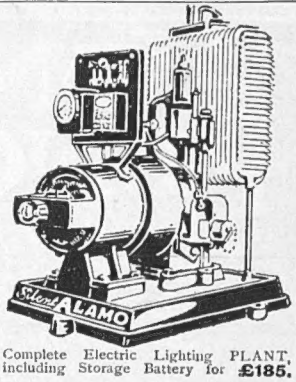

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